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THE CITIZEN.

AN INDEPENDENT
WEEKLY

Circulation, 1000.

Devoted to the interests of the Home, School, and Farm.

50 c a Year

VOL. I.

BEREA, MADISON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1899.

NO. 16.

THE CITIZEN

T. G. PASCO,

EDITOR AND MANAGER.

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IDEAS.

One way to prosper is to keep few dogs and more sheep.

As the weather grows colder we must clothe our children better, and not keep them out of school.

If a son is not in some respects ahead of his father it is a discredit to them both.

Be sure and read the story on our last page—it is as interesting as a dime-novel, and as full of truth as a chapter of the Bible.

There is still a chance for a few more young men to work two or three hours a day on the farm while attending the College.

The Wide World.

While the Cubans are complaining about the action of Gen. Ludlow, the Military Governor of Havana, in virtually placing the city under martial law because of the threatened strike of the laboring element there, there is no doubt that the action was justified by the situation. A general strike in Havana would seriously retard the progress of organizing the insular government. It would cripple many industries, and create dissensions, which would be slow in healing and play havoc with the work of regenerating Cuba. The agitators who are behind the demand for an eight-hour working day, caring nothing for the personal results of their efforts, and are doubtless influenced in their actions by political reasons. The present military government will not permit the poor to be made martyrs of in order to help the claims of some small-fry Cuban politicians.

Filipino insurgents have attacked the American lines from Imus to Bacoor. Nothing will come of the conference between Gen. Otis and Aguinaldo's representatives. Gen. Otis cables that the enemy's sole object is to secure the recognition of the insurgent government.

Oct. 2, 1899.—The Boers killed 37 British soldiers and are eager to carry on the fight.

Within a month or so 10,000 American troops ought to reach Manila. If Aguinaldo is really opening negotiations for peace it is creditable to his prudence and knowledge of coming conditions.

NATIONAL NEWS.

Five years' experience with woman suffrage has so gratified the people of Colorado that the Legislature has adopted joint resolutions formally advising all the other States in the Union to adopt it as tending to the advancement of a higher and better social order.

WHEAT'S FAMOUS BAND. The famous Weber Band will offer some oddities during its engagement at the Lexington Hotel, Oct. 3 to 14, and will play selections with variations for almost every instrument, which will demonstrate the perfection of the band individually and in the ensemble. Most of these numbers are beyond the ability of ordinary bands, and will surely enthrall the audience.

Register.

Cummings, Cal.

T. G. PASCO. Dear Sir:—Enclosed you will find 50 cents for which please send me THE CITIZEN for one year. We are glad to see the new paper from Berea and through this medium hope to hear more of the dear friends in Berea, and once in Berea College, that we remember so well. Our ranch sent 14,000 pounds of wool and 200 head of cattle to San Francisco market this Spring. Have been riding in the saddle constantly every day for two weeks. In this life we also realize what we were taught in our college days, "no excellence without great labor".

Yours most truly,
HOWARD S. FEE.

Personals and Locals.

Burdette's Mill is busy.
The Mormon Article will be continued next week.

Ernest Todd is doing a good photo business at Wagersville.

Mr. D. F. White expects to attend school at Knoxville.

Rev. Elliot, State Evangelist of the "Christian Church," visited Berea on Sunday.

Mr. Ogg visited friends in Laurel and Clay counties and took a great many pictures.

THE CITIZEN will have one of the best offices in the state when we get into the Hanson Building.

The foundation for the President's house was finished Thursday by Tien Gabbard.

C. F. Hanson has a gasoline light in the livery stable. The light is a great success.

Prof. Wilson, a former teacher in Berea College, has given up music and expects to take a course in Pharmacy.

The upper story of the Hanson Building will be partitioned off into offices in front and a court room in the rear.

Rev. and Mrs. Derthick and Miss Embree were in Richmond Thursday. George Pow will be back in the winter.

Faculty club met Friday night and was entertained by Prof. L. V. Dodge who told of his experiences in the army.

Mr. Kindred from behind Bear Knob, who was visited by the Mountain Day Excursionists Saturday, spent Sunday in town.

The "Flow Boy Preacher," Rev. J. Kirkman, Belle River, Ill., says, "After suffering from Bronchial or lung trouble for ten years, I was cured by One Minute Cough Cure. It is all that is claimed for it and more." It cures coughs, colds, grippe, and all throat and lung troubles. S. E. Welch, Jr.

Rev. and Mrs. Derthick, Mrs. Gould, and others are taking dinners at the Ladies Hall, which is unusually popular this term.

Thos. L. Rount, graduate of Berea, expects to attend Gammon Theological Seminary at Atlanta, graduating in May 1901.

Mrs. Jennie Elliott, of Wallaston, is recovering from a siege of typhoid fever. Dr. Cornelius and Miss Mollie Settle, of the Hospital were in attendance.

Messrs. Chas. Reynolds, Elder and Morris arrested William Williams of Clay County for stealing a horse. A reward of \$50 was out for him.

J. W. Neely expects to take a course in Pharmacy at the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. His address is 709 N. University Ave., care of W. S. Parker.

Through the inadvertence of the Y. W. C. A. ladies, a certain article by them borrowed, met with an unhappy accident—"contaminated by unholly touch."

The Y. W. C. A. has been enjoying the visit of Miss Cora N. Crosby, the southern secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association, on Monday and Tuesday of this week. Miss Crosby addressed the girls several times and has left behind her a great deal of enthusiasm for the work and many pleasant memories of herself.

Prof. E. H. Dodge entertained a goodly number of friends last Thursday night with photographs of old world architecture and famous paintings. The evening was enjoyed by all who were there.

Mr. John Vanderpool of New York City, came to visit Berea on Friday, having seen our quartette of Chautauqua, she expressed great interest in the work, purchased several home spun bed-covers, and left a small gift to the student aid fund.

The improvements in the Nichols House, which is to be a headquarters for teaching sewing and cooking, are nearly complete.

"It did me more good than anything I ever used. My dyspepsia was of months' standing; after eating it was terrible. Now I am well," writes S. B. Keener, Holsington, Kans., of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. It digests what you eat. S. E. Welch, Jr.

A PROCLAMATION OF ECONOMY for the Fall and Winter Season in Men's and Boys' Fine Stylish Made CLOTHING!

WE are prepared to cloth you with the lowest priced, rightly made, absolutely all wool clothing in America. Rightly made, as it is of famous "Vitalis" brand, the only ready-to-wear clothing tailored on a strictly scientific basis in clean, well ventilated workrooms. Perfect fitting and wear resisting, because the inside, the "Vitalis" the very life of the garment, is carefully made in making represents the expenditure of time and thought, and is a decided contrast to the tailoring seen in ordinary ready-to-wear clothing. The fabrics that we show are the very newest designs that will be seen this season. Many confined exclusively to us, in the face of the above facts. The most extraordinary feature combining our great offer is, that we can and do sell our clothing at

LESS MONEY

Than elsewhere. How can we afford to sell such high-grade clothing for less money than elsewhere? Our answer is pure and simple. Ours is a modern store, constructed strictly on progressive plans, our clothing is sold on the smallest margin of profit, depending on a large volume of business. The more clothing we sell, the greater our purchasing power the lower our prices, that's the story in a nutshell.

COVINGTON & MITCHELL

A TESTIMONIAL.

BEREA, KY., Sept. 26, 1899.
MUTUAL RESERVE FUND
LIFE ASSOCIATION,
NEW YORK.

DEAR SIR:—We have this day received through your agent, Mr. J. W. Chauncy of this place, your check for \$2700, balance due on policy No. 315569, held by our son James W. Ames, deceased, \$300 having been voluntarily advanced to us soon after his death, none of which according to the terms of the contract would be due for about 60 days yet.

We desire also to express our gratitude for the courtesy and consideration granted to us, and for the promptness with which this claim has been adjusted and paid, and it will be our pleasure at any time to recommend the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Ass'n to our neighbors and friends who may desire economical and reliable insurance.

Very Truly Yours,
(Signed) GEO. AMES,
MALISSA AMES

MEETING FOR BEREA COLLEGE.

Speeches by Judge Goodloe, Squire Settle, Squire Baker, Mrs. Early, and Others.

This meeting, held Sunday evening, was not as largely attended as it should have been, but was one of great interest and enthusiasm.

After singing, scripture reading by Rev. Palmer, and prayer by Rev. Derthick, President Frost introduced the subject by saying that God had wrought great things through this school. This very day in one thousand churches former Berea students have been preaching, teaching, and singing the Gospel, and in ten thousand homes there has been light and joy because of Berea. The object of the college is to help every body.

The college still needs teachers with hearts full of love, citizens who will make good homes for students, and a large permanent income. With all the endowment the college already has many thousands of dollars have to be raised every year for current expenses. The new endowment will in large part meet these needs.

Dr. Pearsons will give \$50,000 more provided \$150,000 are raised from others by March 1, 1900.

One thousand dollars came Friday from Rev. Chas. F. Dole, who recently visited Berea, and who gives it out of a legacy of \$5,000 which he has just inherited. Such gifts make our endowment a very sacred fund. This makes \$30,000 already secured. The President and his wife will both devote themselves to this work till the entire sum is raised. Helping Berea we help ourselves, our neighbors, our country, and the cause of Christ.

Judge Goodloe gave a most noble and eloquent address, and no brief report can do justice to its merits. He showed the place of education in human progress and the benefits, financial as well as spiritual which Berea confers, and drew a striking picture of what this region would be without Berea. He declared that BEREA GIVES THE BEST EDUCATION FOR THE MONEY OF ANY SCHOOL IN THE LAND. We greatly regret that his speech was not written, or taken down in shorthand for publication, for Judge Goodloe is a man whose words are weighty and worthy of remembrance.

Squire Baker, whose large family have been educated at Berea, spoke of the disappearance of the prejudice that once existed against Berea, and affirmed that if he had an inheritance of \$5000, he would rejoice to give \$1000 to such a work as that of this College. His remarks did not lose in interest from being impromptu.

Squire Settle read a very able paper on Berea and the educational needs of this region, which will be printed in some future number of THE CITIZEN.

Mrs. Early gave a beautiful tribute to the College, and pictured the needs of the mountain people, and Mr. Early followed in the same line.

The last address was by Mrs. Frost who starts tomorrow for Cincinnati to be gone perhaps for many weeks, and who said she was thankful for the interest and prayers of her neighbors, and thankful that she was to expend her efforts for so good a cause. The interest became intense as she was speaking, and there were tears in many eyes, and a gentle murmur of applause as she sat down.

There were prayers by Mr. Osborne, Mr. Teeters, and Mrs. Hill.

Some words about Berea's great benefactor will be of interest.

Pearsons' New Pledge.

Everybody is interested in Dr. D. K. Pearsons, the great friend of education who is doing so much for the young people of this region. He was born in the mountains of Vermont in



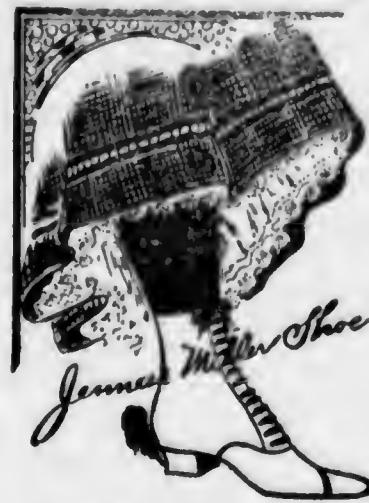
J. H. Pearsons

1820, and became interested in Christian education through acquaintance with Mary Lyon.

When he had by great business sagacity made his fortune he selected a few colleges through which he might help young people to an education.

In the South he selected Berea which he visited in '95, and made his first pledge. "When Berea will raise \$150,000 for endowment, I will add \$50,000. I make this gift to all humanity and especially to the loyal people of these mountains."

This money has now been raised, and when it brings in interest the



"JENNES MILLER" SHOES

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Are the Most Stylish
Are the Most Durable
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Are for Young and Old
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They Fit the Feet as
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Accept No Other

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It artificially digests the food and aids Nature in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive organs. It is the latest discovered digestant and tonic. No other preparation can approach it in efficiency. It instantly relieves and permanently cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Sick Headache, Gastralgia, Cramps, and all other results of imperfect digestion. Prepared by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.

S. E. WELCH, JR.

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Office at Residence.

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We are prepared to do all kinds of Job printing at very cheap rates. Here are a few sample prices:

500 White envelopes	\$1 25
500 Ruled Note Heads	1 00
500 Ruled Letter-heads	1 25
500 Bill-heads—13 lines	1 50
500 Regular Statements	1 50
500 6 x 8 Hand bills	1 00
500 9 x 12 " "	1 50
500 Business Cards	1 25

We will prepare the postage on any one of the above orders for 50 cents extra, or on the mail hand bills or business cards, 25 cents extra. Orders must be paid for in advance. Write the Copy VERY plainly.

Mail orders carefully attended to.

STUDENTS' JOB PRINT.
Berea, Kentucky.

College will have some sure income. He now writes (April '99) that he is so well pleased with what Berea is doing that he will do the same thing again!

In this way Berea will be made able to carry out its great plans for helping all young people toward an education.

He is not willing to help any except those who help themselves. Again and again he says, "Every student must pay something—he must show that he values an education. It does no good to furnish a free lunch."

There will soon be a million young men and young women who will be happier and more useful because of what Dr. Pearsons has done.

Dr. Pearsons always selects for himself the colleges which he will help, and it is useless for others to apply. When the news of what he had done for Berea appeared an army of college presidents started for Chicago, but Dr. Pearsons found it easy to say No!

Eat plenty, Kodol Dyspepsia Cure will digest what you eat. It cures all forms of dyspepsia and stomach troubles. E. R. Gamble, Vernon, Texas, says, "It relieved me from the start and cured me. It is now my everlasting friend." S. E. Welch, Jr.

You Want GOOD GLASSES



IF YOU WANT THEM AT ALL. Glasses that are not properly adjusted to your eyes are actually dangerous. I know it, and you ought to know it. I will not attempt to suit glasses to your eyes until I know what is needed. Eyes examined free.

A Nice line of Jewelleries in JEWELRY.

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WAVE PRINTS.

Where ocean-seeking rivers gently glide,
To join the spreading harbor's restless
flow.
White flashing gems of living sunlight
glow.
And ever onward laughing bubbles ride,
Beneath the far, far, far, far, far,
Clear ripple-marks the sunlight's sands
show.
A record fair, traced faintly below,
Of waves that rose and broke and then
subsided.
So when the still waves of fortune break
Upon the bosom of life's restless sea,
As clouds drift mellow to blue without a
sign,
Deep written on the heart's pure scroll they
make
A record plain, whose lights and shadows
decease,
Self's chilly fate, or love's warm glow
divide.
—Arthur Howard Hall, in N. Y. Observer.



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CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

We sat in silence for some minutes, each absorbed in his own thoughts. The heat from the fire had warmed the hut so that the blue steam began to rise from my damp clothes. My companion reclined on his elbow, tracing some diagram on the floor with a pointed stick, from his shape was evidently of eastern make. The rain, which now increased in violence, had almost smothered the log fire, and was invading our shelter, for the roof began to leak. There being no wind the torch burned steadily, throwing sufficient light for us to distinguish each other. I began to wonder what manner of man this was before me, dressed in a motley of court and peasant, and my curiosity was aroused to such an extent that for the time I forgot my own troubles. Nevertheless I made no sign of inquiry, knowing there is no measure so sure of obtaining information as to seem not to desire it. My new friend kept his eyes fixed on the point of his dagger, the muscles of his queer webbed feet twitching nervously. At length he became conscious of my scrutiny, for, lifting his eyes, he looked me in the face, and then made a motion of his hand toward the wine skin.

"No more, thanks."
"There will be that left for to-morrow before we start."
"Then you also are a traveler?"
"You say you are going to Lucine?" His asked the question in his usual abrupt manner; but his tone was composed.
"It lies on my road."
"And on mine, too. Shall we travel together? I could point out the way."
"Certainly. It is very good of you."
"Well, it is time to sleep, and the torch has burnt to an end."

As he spoke he stretched himself out at full length, and, turning his back to me, appeared to sink into slumber. I watched him for some time by the embers of the torch, wondering if I was wise in accepting his companionship, and then, overpowered by fatigue, I fell myself in sleep, heedless of the rain, which dripped in twenty places through the roof.

I slept profoundly until aroused by my shoulder being gently shaken, and, looking up, beheld my host, as I must call him, bending over me. I thought I had slept for a few minutes only, and saw to my surprise that it was well in the morning, and the sun shone brightly. All traces of cloud were gone, though soft billows of mist rolled over the olive gardens, and vineyards of Chianti grapes, that stretched towards Monteverchi. "Howena, man! How you slept! I was right when I hinted you had a good conscience."

I scrambled up with a hasty "Good-morning," and a few minutes afterwards, having finished the remains of the wine in the skin, we started off in the direction of Lucine. My companion had politely never inquired my name, and I had been equally reticent. He placed on his head a silken fool's cap, and the bells on it jingled incessantly as he walked along with a jaunty air, at a pace that was remarkable for a man of his age. He seemed to have lost the melancholy that possessed him during the night, and conversed in so cheerful and entertaining a manner that in spite of myself I was interested and withdrawn from my unhappy thoughts. He kept up his mood to Lucine, where, notwithstanding our strange appearance, we attracted, to my relief, less attention than I imagined we should draw.

With appetites sharpened by our walk, we did full justice to the meal I ordered at the only hotel in the place. Here I played host, as a return for my entertainment, and in conversation my acquaintance said that he was bound for Florence. I told him that also was my point, and invited him to bear me company on the road, to which he willingly agreed. I made an attempt here to hire a horse; but not even a donkey was procurable, all available carriage having been seized upon for the army. So once more descending the hill on which Lucine is situated, we forded the river and continued our journey.

Intention to halt there more than an hour or so, which I, hoping that I would have better luck than at Lucine, intended to spend in trying to hire an animal of some kind to ride.

We stopped at the bell inn, near the gate, and, after a deal of bargaining, which consumed a good hour, the landlord agreed to hire me his mule for two crowns. The mule wanted ten at first. Just as the matter was settled a dozen or so of troopers rode in, and, spying the mule, in the twinkling of an eye, claimed it for carriage purposes.

It was in vain that the landlord protested that it was his last beast, that it had been hired to the noble cavalieri, meaning me, and many other things beside. The soldiers were deaf to his entreaties, and, although I had more than a mind to draw on the villains, for the odds were too many against me, I therefore hid my chagrin under a smile, and the mule was led away amidst the lamentations of mine host, who was further put out of pocket by a gallon or so of wine, which the troopers consumed, doubtless in honor of the prize they had taken, neglecting in the true fashion of the companies grandes to pay for it. It was a fit lesson to the landlord, for had he not, in his cupidity, haggled for an hour over the hire of the animal, he might have been richer by two crowns and still owned his mule. Thus it is that avarice finds its own punishment.

On going off, the leader of the troop, a man whom I knew by sight and by reputation as a swashbuckler, if ever there was one, made me a mock salute, saying, in allusion to my quietness in surrendering my claim to the mule: "Adieu, Messer Feather-Cap—may your courage grow as long as your sword." This taunt I swallowed ruefully, and immediately set about my departure. My companion, who was not mixed up in the altercation, joined me silently, and we followed in the direction taken by the troopers, pursued by the maledictions of the innkeeper, who vented his spleen on us as the indirect cause of his misfortune.

The foragers, who, owing to the warmth of the weather, had removed their breastplates, which were along to their saddles, were going at a walking pace; and it was amusing to see how the mere sight of their presence cleared the streets. Nothing, however, that they did not appear to be bent on personal injury, we did not think it necessary to go out of our course, or delay our departure until they left the town, and as we walked fast and they went slowly, by the time they had reached the main square, we were not more than a dozen yards behind them.

At this moment we noticed the figure of a woman, apparently blind, for she was guided by a little dog attached to a string. The poor creature was crossing the pavement almost in front of the leader of the troop, and, as she was right in the path of the troopers, we attempted to warn her by shouting, and she stopped irresolutely, hardly knowing which way to turn. The troop leader, without making any effort to avoid her, rode on in a pitiless manner, and she was flung senseless to the ground. In this her hood fell back, uncovering her face, and my companion, suddenly uttering a loud cry, ran forward, and, seizing her in his arms, began to address her with every term of endearment, in the manner of a father to his child.

The troopers halted—discipline it will be observed was not great—and one of them with rough sympathy called to my friend to bear the girl, for so she looked, to the fountain, at the same time that their commander gave a loud order to go on, and to leave off looking at a fool and a beggar. I had, however, made up my mind that there was a little work for me, and, drawing my sword, stepped up to the swashbuckler's heels, and asked for a five-minute's interview there and then.

He burst into a loud laugh. "Corpo di Dio! Here is Messer Feather-Cap with his courage gone. Here, two of you bind him to the hule."

But the men with him were in no mood to obey, and one of them openly said: "It is always thus with the ancient Brico."

"Do you intend to give me the pleasure I seek?" I asked, "or has the ancient Brico taken off his heart with his sword?"

For a moment it looked as if he were about to ride at me; but my sword was ready, and I was standing too close to him for any such treachery to be carried off. Flinging the reins, therefore, to the neck of his horse, he dismounted slowly and drew his sword. A number of the townsfolk, attracted by the scene, so far forgot their fear of the foragers as to collect around us, and in a few moments a ring was formed, one portion of which was occupied by the troopers.

Brico took his stand so as to place the sun in my eyes, a manifest unfairness, for we should have fought north and south; yet I made no objection, and unclasping my cloak let it fall to the ground behind me.

"A vous!" he called out, and the next moment we engaged in the lower circle, my opponent, for all his French cry, adopting the Italian method, and using a dagger to parry. For a few seconds we tried to feel each other, and I was delighted with the balance of my sword. It did not take me half a minute to see that he was a chivalrous fellow, and I began to rapidly consider whether it would be worth the candle to kill him or not. Brico, who had commenced the assault with a stamp of his foot and a succession of rapid thrusts in the lower lines, became aware of his weakness as soon as I did, and began to back slowly. I twice picked him over the heart, and his hand began to shake so that he could hardly hold his weapon.

"Make way here," I called out, mocking. "The ancient would like to run a little." Maddened by this taunt, he pulled himself together and lunged recklessly at me in three; it was an easy parry, and with a strong beat I disarmed him. He did not wait, but with the rapidity of a hare turned and fled, not so fast, however, but that I was able to accelerate his departure with a stroke from the flat of my sword.

"Adieu, ancient Brico!" I called out after him as he ran on, followed by a howl of derision from the crowd, in which his own name joined.

It was lucky that I adopted the course of disarming him, for, had the affair ended otherwise, I doubt not that the men-at-arms would have felt called upon to avenge their leader, who was as he was. As it happened they enjoyed his discomfiture, and an old trooper called out to me:

"Well fought, signore—you should join us—there is room for your sword under the banner of Trenouille. What—no? I am sorry; but go in peace, for you have rid us of a cur."

Saying this, he rode off, one of their number leading the ancient's horse by the bridle. I turned now to look for my companion. He was nowhere to be seen, and on inquiry I found that he had lifted the girl up, and, supporting her on his arm, the two, followed by the dog, had turned down by the church, and were not in view. It would, no doubt, have been easy to follow, and a easy to trace them; but I reasoned that the man must have purposely done this to avoid me; and after all it was no business of mine. I therefore returned my sword to its sheath and walked on.

CHAPTER V.

D'ENTRANQUES SCORES A POINT.

Before I had gone fifty paces, however, I became aware that there was some law left in Monteverchi, for a warning cry made me look over my shoulder, and I saw a party of the city guards, who had discreetly kept out of the way when Brico and I crossed swords, hurrying towards me. The same glance, however, showed me that the ancient was already in their hands, and was being dragged along with but little regard to his comfort; and I felt sure that now, as the troop was gone, the citizens would wreak their vengeance on this hen-roost robber, and he would be lucky if he escaped with life. As for me, the catpaws being out, they no doubt reasoned that they might as well net me. To stop and resist would only result in my being ultimately overpowered, and perhaps imprisoned; to yield without a blow meant very much the same thing, and, in the shake of a drake's tail, I resolved to run, and to trust for escape to my turn for force. So I set off at my roundest pace, followed by the posse, and the rabble who but a moment before were cheering me.

More than once I felt inclined to turn, and end the matter for myself; but the fact that this might mean laying aside all chance of seeing D'Entranques urged me to my best efforts. I resolved to strike a blow myself, just as the police reached within ten feet of me. I did not stop to take note of their action, but was off as soon as my feet touched the ground, and found to my joy that I was close to one of the un-repaired breaches in the city wall, made six months ago by Trenouille's cannon. Through this I rushed, and, scrambling down a slope of broken stone and mortar, found I would be compelled to climb down very nearly a hundred feet of what looked like the face of a rock, before I could reach level ground. There was not even a goat track. My agility was, however, spurred on by hearing shouts behind me, and preferring to risk death in attempting the descent rather than fall into the hands of messer the podesta, I clanked the venture, and, partly by holding on to the tough broom roots, partly slipping, and aided by Providence and Our Lady of San Spirito, to whom I hurriedly cast up a prayer, I managed to reach the bottom, and fell, exhausted and breathless, into a cistna ledge.

I was too beaten to go another yard, and, had my pursuers only followed up, must have become an easy prey. As it was I heard them reach the breach, where they came to a stop, all shouting and hallooing at the same time. One or two, bolder than the others, attempted to descend the ledge of rock, down which I escaped, but its steepness deterred their courage. They, however, succeeded in loosening some of the debris so that it fell over the cliff, and a few of the stones dropped very close to me; but by good luck I escaped, or else this never would have been written. One great block, indeed, just passed over my head, and I vowed an altar-piece to Our Lady of San Spirito, who alone could have diverted that when was coming straight to my destruction; and I may add I duly kept my word. After a time the voices began to grow fainter, and to my delight I found that the citizens, thinking it impossible I should have escaped like a lizard amongst the rocks, were barking back, and ranging to the right and left. I waited until all sound died away, and cautiously peeped out. The coast was clear. I had recovered my wind, and, without more waste of time, I rose and pressed on in the direction of the hills, determined to chance no further adventures near the town. Indeed I had crowded more incident into the past few hours than into the previous five-and-thirty years of my life, and my sole object, at present, was to reach Florence without further let or hindrance.

Keeping the vineyards between me and the town, I avoided all observation, and, at a small wayside inn, filled a wallet which I purchased with food and a bottle of the rough country wine, so that there might be no necessity for my visiting a human habitation during the remainder of my journey. With the wallet swung over my shoulder, an hour or so later I was ascending the slopes of Mount St. Michele, cursing the fallen pine needles, which made my foothold so slippery that I slid rather than walked.

It was late in the evening before I halted and ate my dinner under an overhanging rock, sheltered from the north wind by a clump of pines. When I finished I rolled myself up in my cloak, and fatigue, together with a good conscience, compelled me to end me to a sleep as sound as I could wish for. I was up before the sun and continued my way, determined to reach Florence by evening. I took no particular notice of the view, where I could see to my right the Prato Magno, and to my left all the valleys of the Greve; but kept my eyes before me, intent on my thoughts.

At length, when passing Impruneta, where the Black Virgin is, Florence came in sight. There was a slight haze which prevented me from seeing as clearly as I could wish; but I plainly made out the houses on the banks of the Arno, Arnolfo's tower, the palace of the Signory, the cathedral, the Bargello, and the unfinished Pitti palace, whilst beyond rose the convent-topped hill of Senario, where the Servites have their monastery.

As I looked there was little of admiration in my heart, although the scene was far enough; but I could give no mind to anything beyond the fact that I was in sight, within measurable distance of D'Entranques, and that in a few hours my hand was like to be at his throat.

With these thoughts there somehow mingled up the face of madame, and the scene of our last meeting. I put this aside, however, with a strong hand, and determined to think no more of her, although no such recollection could be anything but pleasant and sweet. Until I met her I had managed well enough without womankind, and for the future I would leave bright eyes alone. Yet I knew I was the better man for holding the privilege of her friendship. However, she had passed out of my life, and across the sea I would have other things to think of than the memory of my platonic friendship with Doris D'Entranques.

It was close upon sunset when I entered the San Piero gate, and found myself in Florence, and in a difficulty at the same time, in consequence of my wearing sword. I luckily, however, remembered that La Palisse, the French leader, was then in the city, and explaining that I was from the army at Arezzo with a message to him, inquired particularly his abode, which I was told was in the palace of the exiled Medici in the Via Larga. It so happened that La Palisse was in constant communication with Trenouille, and this and my confident bearing imposed upon the guards. I supplemented my argument with a couple of crowns, and they let me pass without further parley. It will thus be seen that whatever the regulations may have been, they were easily broken. Indeed I found later on

that they were, even at that time, a dead letter, and that the real of the guards was merely inspired by the prospect of making something out of me, which they did on this occasion. I knew Florence very well, having been there under circumstances very different to the present; but as I hurried along the crowded streets, I began to feel I was somewhat uncertain as to whether the roads led. I judged it prudent, however, not to make inquiries, but kept my eyes on the sharp lookout for a hotel suitable to my purse, which was diminishing at a fearful rate. I stopped for a while at a street stall to satisfy my hunger with a cake of wheat and a glass of milk, a wholesome, but unpalatable leverage, and entered into conversation with the stall-keeper. It came out that I was in a difficulty about a lodging, and the man promptly told me where one could be procured, and added to his kindness, seeing I was apparently a stranger to the place, by directing his son, a small bare-legged urchin, to guide me to the house, which, he said, was an old palace of the Alizizi, that had passed into the hands of the banker Nobili, and was rented out in tenements.

Heaven only knows through what hy-lance and alleys the urchin led me, chattering like an ape the whilst; but at last we reached the house which lay in the street di Pucci. An arrangement was soon entered into with the person in charge, and I paid in advance for two weeks the small rent asked for the room I took. I selected the room, because there was in it some furniture, such as a bed, a table and a couple of chairs, which, I was informed with some emphasis, had been seized from the last tenant in default of rent. I sent the boy away rejoicing, and was surprised to find the housekeeper did not depart as well; but this worthy soon made it clear to me that a further payment was requisite on account of the furniture. I was too tired to haggle, so paid him the three broad pieces he wanted, and bid him get me some candles. He returned after a little delay with what I needed, and I may say at once that under a rough exterior I found this man, with all his faults, was capable on occasions of displaying true kindness of heart.

I would like to pay him this tribute, for subsequently, as will be seen, we had a grave difference of opinion which ended in disaster for him. At the time this happened I could not but condemn him strongly, for in order to further a plot in which he was engaged, he tried to induce me to crime, and when, by a happy chance, I was able to frustrate his design, joined in an attempt to murder me. I fully believe, however, now that I look back on affairs coolly, that, in common with others of his age, he thought it no wrong to adopt any means to further a political plot, whilst in the everyday observance of life he displayed, in an underhand manner, much virtue.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ONLY ONE MAN.

The Pathetic Scene Which Followed the News of a Splendid Victory.

The following touching sketch is written by Kate Whiting Patch, author of "Middleway."

"Extra! Extra!" ring the shrill voices of the newshaws. "Another victory! Extra, extra!"

A young girl, hurrying through the darkening street, pauses a moment to catch the glad tidings; then, choosing the smallest of the ragged urchins who instantly gather about her, she slips her pennies into his grimy hand and eagerly seizes a paper.

Ten minutes more and she is flinging open the door of a quiet room, where a grave-eyed woman sits by the window gazing out into the autumn twilight.

"Quick, mother, a light!" rings the impetuous young voice. "I have news from the war. Another victory, and only one man lost!"

A glad cry falls from the mother's lips as she hurries to the table and with trembling hand lights the small lamp. Both faces are eager, strained, as the younger woman reads rapidly the joyful news.

"Only one man lost"—she pauses and the other exclaims "Thank God!" but the paper has slipped from the daughter's hand, the joy has faded from her eyes, the color from her lips. Another instant and the sheet is in the mother's hands. The sudden fear that clutches at her heart tells her the truth before her eyes fasten upon the fatal words—the name of the lost man.

The clock ticks relentlessly in the corner, the fire dies out and the ruddy embers turn gray; the light of the little lamp sinks lower and lower, flickers and is gone. Still the two women cling to each other in the darkness; the silence is unbroken.

Only one man?

Only their whole world!—Chicago Evening News.

The Power of Adaptation.

Lord Seaforth, who was born deaf and dumb, was one day to dine with Lord Melville. Just before the company arrived, Lady Melville sent into the drawing-room a lady of her acquaintance who could talk with her fingers, that she might receive Lord Seaforth. Presently Lord Gullforth entered the room, and the lady, taking him for Lord Seaforth, began to ply her fingers nimbly. Lord Gullforth did the same. They had been carrying on the conversation in this manner for ten minutes or more when Lady Melville joined them. Her friend said: "Well, I have been talking away to this dumb man." "Dumb!" exclaimed Lord Gullforth, "bless me, I thought you were dumb!"—Detroit Free Press.

Life.

He gets most out of life who gives most to it.

Some people put out their hands to life, while others stretch forth their arms.

There are people who spend their days in some little town or village, and yet live in the great expanse of a wide world; while others travel from city to city, and from country to country, yet live only in the narrow little circle of their own immediate surroundings.—Truth.

Colonial.

Mr. Ferry—You say this secondhand chair is in the colonial style?
Mrs. Ferry—Correct.
"Well, it seems to be pretty well colonized."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

They Were Up-to-Date.
Totals McFadden—Ray, we is disappointed. We let chapter of the book say that beautiful harpoon lived to be an old woman and was highly respected. We don't want nothing about no old woman. Wat wa wants is de new woman, an' if you can't give us something about de new woman, give us our pickel back and we'll buy chateaus. See!—Washington Post.

Its Effect on Trade.
"How are things moving along in the restaurant business these days?"
"Well, I notice that since the Dreyfus verdict came in I don't have any more orders for fried frogs' legs."—Chicago Tribune.

God gives a man his tools, but he must acquire his trade.—Ram's Horn.

"The Prudent Man Settles His House in Order."

Your human tenement should be given even more careful attention than the house you live in. Set it in order by thoroughly renovating your whole system through blood made pure by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Then every organ will act promptly and regularly.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Ayer's Pills

Does your head ache? Pain back of your eyes? Bad taste in your mouth? It's your liver! Ayer's Pills are liver pills. They cure constipation, headache, dyspepsia, and all liver complaints. 25c. All druggists.

Want your complexion or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use **BUCKINGHAM'S DYE** for the hair.

TAPE WORMS

"A tape worm sixteen feet long at least came on the scene after my taking two CASCARETS. This I am sure has caused my bad health for the past three years. I am still taking Cascarets, the only cathartic worthy of notice by sensible people."
—GEO. W. BOWMAN, Baird, Mass.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE SYSTEM

Pleasant, Palatable, Painless, Taste Good, No Gripe, Noer Headache, No Stomach or Gripes, No, No, No. **CURE CONSTIPATION.**
Soleing Candy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York, N.Y.
Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to **W. E. R. Tobacco Habit.**
NO-TO-BAC



Itching Burning Scaly Blotchy Humors
Instantly Relieved and Speedily Cured by

Cuticura

The itching and burning I suffered in my feet and limbs for three years were terrible. At night they were worse and would keep me awake a greater part of the night. I consulted doctor after doctor, as I was travelling on the road most of my time, also one of our city doctors. None of the doctors knew what the trouble was. I got a lot of the different samples of the medicines I had been using. I found them of so many different kinds that I concluded I would have to go to a Cincinnati hospital before I would get relief. I had frequently been urged to try CUTICURA REMEDIES, but I had no faith in them. My wife finally prevailed upon me to try them. Presto! What a change! I am now cured, and it is a permanent cure. I feel like kicking some doctor or myself for suffering three years when I could have used CUTICURA remedies.

Speedy Cure Treatment

Rub the affected parts with **HOT water and CUTICURA SOAP** to cleanse the skin and scalp of crusts and scales, and soften the thickened cuticle. Dry, without hard rubbing, and apply **CUTICURA Ointment** freely, to allay itching, irritation, and inflammation, and soothe and heal, and lastly take **CUTICURA RESOLVENT** to cool and cleanse the blood.

This sweet and wholesome treatment affords instant relief, permits rest and sleep in the severest forms of eczema and other itching, burning, and scaly humors of the skin, scalp, and blood, and points to a speedy, permanent, and economical cure when all other remedies and even the best physicians fail.

Price, Ten Cents, per Box, Soap, Ointment, Resolvent, and Resolvent (half size) 5c. Sold throughout the world. **PUTNEY DYE AND CHAS. COFF.** 600 Fifth Ave., Boston, Mass. — Now to Skin Itching, Body Itching, and Itching Feet.

THE CITIZEN.

T. G. PASCO, Editor and Manager.

BEREA, KENTUCKY

MAN'S PHYSICAL DEFECTS.

Naevus Shoulders, Arms, Legs and Hips Are Numerous—Few Perfectly Symmetrical.

A man can be measured to the best advantage, tailors say, away from a glass. Standing before a mirror he is almost certain to throw out his chest, if he does not habitually carry it so, and take an attitude that he would like to have, rather than the one he commonly holds; whereas, the tailor wants him, as the portrait painted wants his subject, in his natural pose and manner. With the man in that attitude, the tailor can bring his art to bear—if that is required—in the overcoming of any physical defect, and produce clothes that will give the best attainable effect upon the figure, as they will be actually worn.

The physical defect most common in man is unevenness of the shoulders. (The shoulder is higher than the other, and this is a defect often encountered, though the difference in the height may not be so great as to be noticeable, except by one accustomed to taking note of such things. This is a defect that is easily overcome by the tailor, when it exists in a comparatively moderate degree. It is done sometimes simply by cutting the coat to fit on each shoulder, the perfect fitting coat carrying with it the idea and the appearance of symmetry is attained by the familiar method of building up or padding the lower shoulder. The influence of the lower shoulder extends down on that side of the body, so that sometimes it is necessary below the arm to cut that side of the coat shorter. Next to unevenness of the shoulders, round shoulders are perhaps the commonest defect.

A very common thing is unevenness of the hips. A difference of half an inch here would not be at all remarkable; it is sometimes much more. If a man finds one leg of his trousers—the legs as he knows, being alike in length—touching the ground while the other clears it, he may reasonably consider that there is a difference somewhere in his legs. It may be that one leg is longer than the other, but it is more probable that one hip is higher than the other, or one leg fuller, so that it takes up the trousers more and thus gradually raises the bottom more. It would be a common thing if men were seen with their waistscoats off, to find suspenders set at uneven heights. The variation in the suspenders might be required, to be sure, by a difference in the shoulders, and not in the legs.

It is common to find men's arms of different lengths. The difference may be so slight as to require no special attention in the making of their clothes, but it is frequently necessary to make the coat sleeves of different lengths.

The fact appears to be that there are not many perfect men, that is, men of perfect harmony of development and perfect symmetry of proportions. In which respect man is like all things in nature, like horses, for instance, and trees; but in the greater number of men these defects are within such limits that they might be described as variations rather than as substantial defects.—N. Y. Sun.

HOW A FILIPINO DIES.

Steelehas Himself Out in an Easy Attitude Much Like a Wild Animal.

The general, in a white hat, was marching in advance of the firing line, when the discharge of a rifle was heard in the yard of a house next to the road. Several soldiers rushed into the yard, but not in time to prevent two more shots, which came whizzing in the direction of the general. At this moment I came to a break in the hedge where I could see what was going on. A young Filipino was about 30 yards off. He was turning this way and that like an animal at bay, thoroughly frightened. He had a rifle in his hand. It afterwards turned out that this rifle was choked. The soldiers were breaking down the high hedge to get in. Suddenly the Filipino stretched himself along the ground and ran for his life. He got through the hedge some way and dashed across an open field. Three shots followed, all of which took effect. The wounded man turned, ran sideways a few paces, lay down on the ground, and a second shot was dead. I got a good sight of the whole incident, and so naturally did the Filipino stretch himself along the ground and rest his head upon his arm that I thought he was shamming. An examination a minute later proved that he was dead. There is this difference between the manner in which American and Filipino soldiers die—the American falls in a heap and dies hard; the Filipino stretches himself out, and when dead always found in some easy attitude, generally with his head on his arms. They die the way a wild animal dies—in just such a position as one finds a deer or an antelope which one has shot in the woods.—John F. Bean, in Harper's Weekly.

American's Women Ministers.
There are to-day about 300 women ministers in the United States. In America the ministry is being more used by women as a profession than the law. The great value of women ministers in America is for scattered parts that cannot possibly afford to support a man. They can maintain a woman minister. The chief opposition to women pastors comes from ministers of the poorer and least qualified class. Of course the older and more conservative ministers, bishops and the like do not look with much pleasure on a woman in the pulpit. But many congregations in the United States are ready for women ministers.—Chicago Chronicle.

HAMAN'S PLOT AGAINST JEWS.

International Sunday School Lesson for October 8, 1899.—Text, Esther 3:11.—Memory Verse, 3:6.

[Specially Arranged from "Esther's Story," GOLDEN TEXT.—If God be for us, who can be against us?—Rom. 8:31. READ Chapters 1-3. TIME.—The time of the story was somewhere about the middle of Xerxes' reign, 464-465, 65 years after the first return, 48 years after the completion of the temple, and 118 years after the first return to Jerusalem. Xerxes' Third Year.—The great feast (1:1). H. C. 463. H. C. 464. H. C. 465. H. C. 466. H. C. 467. H. C. 468. H. C. 469. H. C. 470. H. C. 471. H. C. 472. H. C. 473. H. C. 474. H. C. 475. H. C. 476. H. C. 477. H. C. 478. H. C. 479. H. C. 480. H. C. 481. H. C. 482. H. C. 483. H. C. 484. H. C. 485. H. C. 486. H. C. 487. H. C. 488. H. C. 489. H. C. 490. H. C. 491. H. C. 492. H. C. 493. H. C. 494. H. C. 495. H. C. 496. H. C. 497. H. C. 498. H. C. 499. H. C. 500. H. C. 501. H. C. 502. H. C. 503. H. C. 504. H. C. 505. H. C. 506. H. C. 507. H. C. 508. H. C. 509. H. C. 510. H. C. 511. H. C. 512. H. C. 513. H. C. 514. H. C. 515. H. C. 516. H. C. 517. H. 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Where Love is, there God is also.

In the city lived Martin Adam, a shoemaker. He lived in a basement, in a little room with one window. The window looked out on the street. Through the window he used to watch the people passing by; although only their feet could be seen, yet by the boots Martin Adam recognized their owners. Martin Adam had lived long in one place, and had many acquaintances. Few pairs of boots in his district had not been in his hands once and again. Some he would half-sole, some he would patch, some he would stitch around, and occasionally he would also put on new uppers. And through the window he often recognized his work. Adam had plenty to do, because he was a faithful workman, used good material, did not make exorbitant charges, and kept his word. If he can finish an order by a certain time, he accepts it; if not he will not deceive you,—he tells you so beforehand. And all knew Adam, and he was never out of work.

Adam had always been a good man; but as he grew old began to think more about his soul, and get nearer to God. Martin's wife had died when he was still living with his master. His wife left him a boy three years old. None of their other children had lived. All the eldest had died in childhood. Martin at first intended to send his little son to his sister in the village, but afterwards he felt sorry for him; he thought to himself, "It will be hard for my Kapit to live in a strange family. I shall keep him with me."

And Adam left his master, and went into lodgings with his little son. But, through God's will, Adam had no luck with children. As Kapit grew older, he began to help his father, and would have been a delight to him, but fell sick, went to bed, suffered a week, and died. Martin buried his son, and fell into despair. So deep was this despair, that he began to complain of God. Martin fell into such a melancholy state, that more than once he prayed to God for death, and reproached God because he did not take him who was an old man, instead of his beloved son. Adam also ceased to go to church.

And once a little old man, a fellow-countryman, came to Trinity to see Adam; for seven years he had been absent. Adam talked with him, and began to complain about his sorrows. "I have no more desire to live," he said; "I only wish I was dead. That is all I pray God for. I am a man without anything to hope for now."

And the little old man said to him,—"You don't talk right, Martin: we must not judge God's doings. The world moves, not by your skill, but by God's will. God decreed for your son to die,—for you—to live. Consequently, it is for the best. And you are in despair, because you wish to live for your own happiness."

"But what shall one live for?" asked Martin. And the little old man said, "We must live for God, Martin. He gives you life, and for his sake you must live. When you begin to live for him, you will not grieve over anything, and all will seem easy to you."

Martin kept silent for a moment, and then says, "But how can one live for the sake of God?" And the little old man said, "Christ has taught us how to live for God. You know how to read? Buy a Testament, and read it: there you will learn how to live for God. Everything is explained there."

And these words kindled a fire in Adam's heart. And he went that very same day, bought a New Testament in large print, and began to read. At first Adam intended to read only on holidays; but as he began to read, it so cheered his soul that he used to read every day. At times he would become so absorbed in reading, that all the kerosene in the lamp would burn out, and still he could not tear himself away. And the more he read, the clearer he understood what God wanted of him, and how one should live for God; and his heart constantly grew easier and easier. Formerly when he lay down to sleep, he used to sigh and groan, and always think of his Kapit; and now he only exclaimed, "Glory to thee, glory to thee, Lord! Thy will be done."

And from that time Adam's whole life was changed. In other days he, too, used to drop into a saloon, as a holiday amusement, to drink a cup of tea; and he was not averse to a little brandy either. He would take a drink with some acquaintance, and leave the saloon, not intoxicated exactly, yet in a happy frame of mind, and inclined to talk nonsense, and shout and use abusive language at a person. Now he left off this sort of thing. His life became quiet and joyful. In the morning he sits down to work, finishes his allotted task, and takes the little lamp from the hook, puts it on the table, gets his book from the shelf, opens it, and sits down to read. And the more he reads, the more he understands, and the brighter and happier it is in his heart.

(To be continued.)

The Counties.

Copy for this Department must reach the editor on Saturday preceding date of issue.

Jackson county.

Clover Bottom.

After a separation of about a week, John Garrett and wife are reunited. The meeting closed at Cave Springs with an addition of four to the church.

Mrs. Wonsley Baker and daughter Laura, are visiting relatives and friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Powell lost their baby boy last week. His death was caused by a disease of the head or brain.

Misses Alna Bicknell and Eliza Gentry, of Red Lick, and Miss Laura Coyle, of Berea, have been visiting friends at this place.

Fever is raging here. John Bicknell is recovering from a severe attack of typhoid, and Miss Laura Lane has a fresh attack of the same. Lloyd Click has been having malaria fever, but is rapidly recovering.

"If you scour the world you will never find a remedy equal to One Minute Cough Cure," says Editor Faceler, of the Mienopy, Fla., "Hustler." It cured his family of Lagrippe and saved thousands from pneumonia, bronchitis, croup and all throat and lung troubles.

Estill County.

Locust Branch.

Miss Lillian Bicknell is in Berea on a visit.

We are having very fine weather, but need more rain.

Miss Daisy Richardson is very ill with typhoid fever.

Fred Click and Jeff Murphy visited Ella Bicknell Sunday.

A few days' meeting will be held at Bever Pond, commencing last Saturday.

Mrs. Kate Still is very low with consumption and is not expected to live long.

Quite a number of young folks from this place attended the meeting at Paola Sunday.

Yes, we know winter is near for we saw the white frost last Thursday. Farmers will now have to save fodder and dig potatoes for a while.

President Kirk, Farmer's Bank, Brooklyn, Mich., has used DeWitt's Little Early Risers in his family for years. Says they are the best. These famous little pills cure constipation, biliousness, and all liver and bowel troubles.

Rockcastle County.

Scaffold Cane.

Mr. Taylor Abnar has commenced to build a barn.

Grinding cane, cutting corn, running shingle and saw mills seem to be the most important work.

John M. Shearer left Sep. 22 for Illinois where he will visit his relatives and friends. He has not been there for fourteen years. Willis, his brother, went with him.

"When our boys were almost dead from whooping cough, our doctor gave One Minute Cough Cure. They recovered rapidly," writes P. B. Belles, Argyle, Pa. It cures coughs, colds, grippe, and all throat and lung troubles.

Pulaski County.

Bee Lick.

Mrs. S. A. Barnes is very sick.

Mrs. R. W. Reynolds is very sick.

We had a good rain Thursday night, which was badly needed.

We had a heavy frost Tuesday night, which proved fatal to late corn.

Rev. John Todd is holding a protracted meeting at the Christian Church.

Read Covington and Mitchell's ad. on the first page. They have a fine lot of goods.

SEND NO MONEY

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

THE BIRDICK

Address, SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.) Chicago, Ill.

Owsley County.

Buck Creek.

Miss Mattie Eager, of Beattyville, is the guest of Mrs. Mark Planery of this place.

Thomas Kinead who was shot a few days ago by C. C. Hydens, is very much improved.

County Attorney D. F. Collier and family of McKee visited relatives at this place during the past week.

Dr. John Mabaffy, of this county and a former student of Berea College, is the Republican nominee in this district for representative in the Legislature.

Mr. Sam Peters, an energetic young farmer of Jackson county, was married Wednesday to Miss Martha Cumble, an estimable young lady of this place.

The Mormons are again overrunning this neighborhood in the vain "hope of building up Zion." They seem to be as zealous workers as were the Pharisees.

Rev. S. F. Kelly of the Methodist Episcopal church has again been appointed pastor of this, the Booneville circuit. We congratulate ourselves on having secured the pastoral service of such an able divine.

Joseph Stockford, Hudson, Mo., healed a sore running for seventeen years and cured his piles of long standing by using DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It cures all skin diseases.

To the Voters of the 20th Senatorial District.

[The following card from one of the most distinguished citizens of our Commonwealth will be of interest to all voters.—EDITOR.]

I had supposed that my political career had closed with my service in the last constitutional convention, but the Republican convention held at Stanton, Ky., Sept. 14 gave me the unanimous nomination for the office of Senator. This nomination was wholly unsolicited and unexpected, but was felt by me to be a great honor, and after deliberation and in obedience to the wishes of my friends I have determined to accept the nomination, and, if ratified by your suffrages to discharge the duties thereby imposed on me to the best of my ability.

The election just before us is in my judgment the most important one that has been held in the state since I have been a voter. It involves not so much those important economic questions which have heretofore been matters of party division, but in fact the personal liberty of every citizen.

If elected, I shall devote every energy I possess to the repeal of the odious statute known as the Goebel Election Law, and to the restoration of that old and long tried system prevailing in the state.

I need not add that I shall endeavor to support such general legislation as will advance the welfare of all classes of people.

Relying upon the confidence you have always heretofore accorded to me, and for which you have my profound gratitude, I shall await the result of the struggle before us with every assurance of your kindness and support, I have honor to be your obedient servant. CURTIS F. BURNAM.

Millions of dollars, is the value placed by Mrs. Mary Bird, Harrisburg, Pa., on the life of her child, which she saved from croup by the use of One Minute Cough Cure. It cures all coughs, colds and throat and lung troubles.

FEUDISTS HELD.

LONDON, Ky., Sept. 27.—The sheriff, with a posse, captured Andrew Griffin, stepson of Sol Griffin, the recognized leader of the Clay county Griffin faction. He was escorted to Manchester under guard Tuesday morning.

The killing for which seven of the Griffins are to answer occurred on Horse creek, Clay county. Deputy Thacker and his brother-in-law, Smith, were fired on from ambush, killing Thacker and wounding Smith.

—The Central Record.

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS.

THE HOME.

Edited by Mrs. Kate E. Putnam, Teacher in Berea College.

She was a woman of about sixty, the wife of a Pennsylvania farmer. Her day was not eventful. She rose at four in the morning, and made up the fires in the stoves. Her husband and sons were asleep. "Men," she said, "hated house work." She did not call the girls until breakfast was nearly ready, because "young things needed sleep." She milked live cows before the sun was fairly up.

The farmer, his five children and two farm hands sat down to breakfast, and she poured out the coffee and baked the cakes which they ate. After they had finished she ate her own breakfast, if she cared for any.

Then came washing or ironing or scrubbing or baking until it was time for the heavy noon meal which she cooked. Her daughters used sometimes to help a little, but in an idling, half-hearted way. Sometimes she would drive them out with a queer, pathetic smile.

"Young folks like pleasure. They ought to have their fun!" she would say.

There was the morning's work to finish after the dinner was over. After supper was over, everybody found some recreation but mother. The farmer smoked, the young people visited the neighbors, or gathered at one end of the porch chattering and laughing. Mother was inside at work, sewing or with her great basket of stockings.

She would look out at them smiling. "They like their fun," she would say. She looked at them again sometimes as if, old as she was, she would like some fun too, but she never joined them. They were with friends whom they had made at college and school. Mother had been very little at school when she was young. Besides, she had no time for idling. Sometimes when she was making shirts for the boys, she worked until midnight.

One of her days was like all others except the Sunday, when she had time to go to church. She was very happy there, especially when they sang any hymn which she had known as a girl. She would join, scarcely above her breath, for she knew her voice was cracked.

When strangers remarked she was growing thin, her children replied it was no wonder. Mother's energy would wear the flesh from any woman's body.

One day however, when they came down to breakfast, the table was not spread, and no fires were lighted. For the first time in her life, when she was needed, mother lay in her bed still and quiet. She would never work for them more.

After they had buried her they knew how much they loved her. They never wearied in talking of her unflinching gentleness, her tender patience, her perfect unselfishness.

None of them seemed to think, however, that by any effort of theirs they could have kept her with them still, loving patient and unselfish.

Youth's Companion.

THE FARM.

Edited by S. C. Mason, Professor of Horticulture, Berea College.

The farm department of the college was enriched last Saturday by the arrival by express of two beautiful beifer calves of the Holstein-Friesian breed. These are a gift secured through our field agent, Prof. H. M. Penniman, from generous friends of Berea and her work in far away Massachusetts. No event could more perfectly illustrate how many hands are helping on the work of placing an education within the reach of the poorest boy or girl in this section of the country. Better tilled lands, better tools, better stock all mean more money to send the youngsters to school with. Whoever helps to make the land around Berea produce better crops or induces the farmer to raise better or more profitable stock on their lands than they have been raising, is as directly helping along the cause of education as he who subscribes to the Pearson's endowment fund. So speed the day when the progeny of these black and white beauties shall dot all the pastures around us, and the day when by the use of the drain, tile, cow peas, and superior cultivation the pastures shall produce a plenty to feed them all.

The Holstein-Friesian, or as they are more commonly called, Holstein cattle are probably the oldest breed of domestic cattle in the world. They have been developed in the countries of North Holland and Friesland, countries that have been famous for their dairy products for more than a hundred years.

Long before the beef-eating Englishmen on the other side of the Channel had developed the splendid beef qualities of the Shorthorns and Herefords, the thrifty Hollanders had made their cattle famous for milk. Like the beef breeds the Holsteins have attained a higher degree of excellence at the hands of skilled and enterprising American breeders than they ever possessed at home. They are a much larger and coarser boned breed than the Jerseys that are more common in this part of the country, 1200 pounds being a fair average for a cow. Their milk differs from that of the Jerseys in being better adapted to cheese making, or in other words, it is rich in casein, the nitrogenous, muscle-making portion of milk. As butter makers, though they are not to be despised, for the cow Mercedes, of this breed, won the challenge cup offered by the Breeders' Gazette in 1883, for the greatest butter yield for thirty consecutive days by a cow of any breed. The cup was won on a yield of 99 pounds 64 ounces of unsalted butter, or an average of 3 pounds 5 ounces a day. Another cow, Aggie Rosa, gave 20736 pounds of milk in a year, or an average of over 56 pounds a day, while a record of 877 pounds of milk in a single day, with an average of 84 pounds a day for ten days, is held by another. The steers of this breed are more slow to mature into blocky beef animals than short horns, but are capable of making very heavy animals. Oxen have been slaughtered weighing 1800 pounds. The grades of Holstein breeding are excellent combination animals, the heifers making excellent milkers and the steers fattening readily for beef.

We feel that the advent of these two heifers marks an era in the college farming. A sire will be secured from another strain of the same family and thus the foundation will be laid for a pure-bred herd.

THE SCHOOL.

Edited by Mrs. Edna H. Vose, Dean of the Normal Department, Berea College.

Teachers cannot hope to be of much real help in the use of good English if they use incorrect expressions themselves everyday.

Here are a few of the things that we need to notice. "I don't know nothing about it." "I don't see none." "I ain't got none." This sentence could hardly be more incorrect but the little word 'got' is subject to much misstatement even by people who speak fairly good English. "I haven't got any" would say what it means if 'got' were left out. Let everybody quit using "aint" and "haint." And then the verbs! What shall we do with our "comes" and "seems" and "dones"? How often we hear "I done it." "She seen it." "He come home yesterday." Let us take just those three verbs and improve our use of them.

Principal parts do not mean anything to children that have never studied grammar, and some of us could give pages of verbs and not make a mistake in principal parts, who, yet, cannot make our practice fit our knowledge.

We can tell the children that some words are not used with "has" and "have," and put illustrations on the black-board and into our own conversation:

"came," "have come"
"saw," "have seen"
"did," "have done"

kept in view of the school for a few weeks will be a help in fixing the practical knowledge. But use is all the while fixing incorrect forms in mind, and we must give our children much practice in fine expression and not depend on merely correcting mistakes. I feel that I cannot emphasize too much the value of memorizing poems and "gems" of prose for their influence on language as well as on thought.

The leaves are putting on their Autumn dresses and there are many beautiful poems that fit the time of year. Most of you have Susan Coolidge's poem, "I'll tell how the leaves come down." Let the children learn it perfectly before golden October is over, and teach them to watch Nature's changes and to love the outdoor world more and the world of people better.

I do not like to close any of our talks without some little word that will make it seem more worth while to live.

We are not expected to spend even one hundred years in this beautiful world, but even that length of time would be far too little in which to learn "all about" anyone of the things that we see daily.

I heard one old man talking about birds. He had watched them, studied them, loved them, all his life and it was a great pleasure to hear him talk of his feathered friends. I want to encourage every girl and boy to go to work at once and learn all you possibly can about the out-door world.

Our language is a growth. We have inherited most of it—perhaps a few words or expressions are original with us.

We shall find it much harder to study language alone than to study trees, or birds, or stars, or stones, without a teacher.

"The world is so full of a number of things, I think we should all be as happy as Kings."



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